THE

WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, March 10, 1804. [No. 75

THE

VILLAGE GOSSIP,

Or, Memoirs of a Country Lady.

IN A SERIES OF NUMBERS.

(Continued from page 170.)

CLARA this mildness is more than I expected. I know all that you have suffered through a mistaken idea; forgive my saying, that your want of confidence has been your punishment. The woman you saw with me is an unfortunate creature, whose present afflictions, though increased by guilt, claim our compassion. I rescued her from the brutal assault of her husband, to whom she accidentally applied for relief when perishing with want. Scarcely able to move with the bruises he had inflicted, she must have been the victim of his resentment, had I not been successful in relieving her, and assisting her to her lodgings.

I beheld you at the window, and should have explained all this, but for your alarming illness, and subsequent coldness. How, my love, could you yield to a weakness so unworthy of you, as to think I could for a moment be attracted by such an object? The note I have just received is from her; she expresses the utmost penitence for her past transgressions, and solicits advice for her future conduct.—If you, Clara, would condescend to save a poor wretch from complete perdition, perhaps you might point out some method by which she might be yet made useful to society.

Ah! Madam—with what emotion did I listen to my husband. I recollected with remorse and confusion, my conduct in one instance; and in this I resolved to make atonement.

Woolcomb seemed much pleased by my determination; and to-night I have promised to accompany him to the apartment of this woman, who was so near sowing the seeds of discord between us; but, by the kind forbearance of my husband, may now be a means of increasing our esteem for each other.

Adieu, dear madam!—my husband is waiting for me to attend him on our proposed nocturnal excursion: at my return I will trouble you with further particulars.

C. WOOLCOMB.

To Mrs. Singleton.

NO. XIV.

I ENQUIRED of Maria, this morning, how she had resolved to act, with Leonard? She seemed astonished by the question; and coloring, said——

I should think myself a despicable object if I did not reject him, whatever might be my feelings upon the occasion; but I declare to you, my dear aunt, that his union with the unfortunate Harriet would, now, rather give me pleasure than pain. My eyes are opened to the delusive infatuation which so long shackled my reason; and I feel this as the just vengeance of retributive power for the levity and caprice of my conduct. But I would wish Somerton to act under the impulse of his own feelings, without being biassed by my determination of remaining single forever.

I could not help secretly smiling at Maria's firm determination of adding to the virgin sisterhood so blooming a member. There was more of pique and mortification in her tone than I could have wished; but the ardent feelings of youth require a long struggle of reason to subdue them; the cautious admonitions of experience may, in time, effect that which momentary reproof, or severe censure, would but defeat.

When Leonard came, Maria retired to her apartment, to remove the temporary embarrassment under which I perceived he was laboring. I read to him Mrs. Woolcomb's letter: he startled at one passage.——

Yes! cried he, it is to her that Harriet may attribute her long desertion. I will own to you, that my sister's pride had great weight with me, when, in a moment of confidence, I made her acquainted with what had passed. Her resentment was violent; and she painted the evils likely to result from such an attachment in colors the most glaring; and threatened instantly to reveal the whole to my father, if I did not faithfully promise to renounce the connection. Cowardly, selfish fear overpowered every sentiment of honor and generosity. But, now, Madam, I am ready to make atonement—I place my conduct in your hands: regulate it as you please.

Before we flatter the unfortunate Harriet with false hopes, said I, let us first try the feelings of your father: I see him coming across the lawn;—collect yourself;—I will prepare him by degrees.

When Mr. Somerton entered, I was caressing the child of Mrs. Chumney, which drew his attention. He played with her awhile; and then, as I expected, made some enquiries concerning her parents. I related their story in a manner I thought the most likely to rouse his feelings; and had the pleasure to find that I succeeded. When I concluded, he observed, with a moist eye, that the young man was a villain.

You are too hasty, Sir, in your conclusions: the young man had friends, who, when he was willing to atone, would not consent to it.

Then they were brutes, said he, churlishly.

There, again, you are severe, Sir:—consider, were the case your own.

He struck his fist on the table, and said, with something like an oath,——

Then, if it was my son, he should take his bargain, or I would marry again to disinherit him.

Leonard rushed out of the room.

Hey-day! cried Somerton, what is this?

Forgive me, Sir, said I, in trepidation:—that child is your grandchild. Leonard has been faulty; but, indeed, indeed, you must not retract your words.

Somerton turned pale and red alternately: he paced the room in agitation;—still he seemed irresolute; and, during that period, I experienced the severest incertitude. At length he came up to me, and, taking my hand, said,—

I will not retract my words, provided you will assist me to validate them.—I have a sincere esteem for you; you have been like a parent to my children—henceforth I place them under your direction; but lest, when their happiness is confirmed, they shall murmur at your authority, I expect you will take upon you the legal title of a mother.

Shall I describe my blushes?—No;—I did blush, though; yet it was with surprise, not bashfulness; and, shall I not add, a glow of secret satisfaction tinged my cheek? His blunt way of making love would have rendered any show of embarrassment like the parade of affectation; I therefore told him, that, though I was not prepared for such a proposal, I had too high an opinion of his worth to give it a positive rejection; but, as several preliminaries required to be adjusted previous to such an engagement, begged he would wave the subject, and accompany me to the cottage; whither, I doubted not, Leonard had had flown.

(To be continued)

Selected Biography.

MR. THOMAS DIBDIN.

MR. Thomas Dibdin, (son of Mr. Charles Dibdin, of *Sans-Souci*, and brother to Mr. Charles Dibdin. Junr. of *Sadler's Wells*) was born in London, on the 21st of March, 1771. After having received a liberal education, at the expence of his mother, (whose kindness he is now happy in endeavoring to return) he was, by a maternal uncle (the late Cecil Pitt, Esq. of Dalston) articled an apprentice to Sir Wm. Rawlins, our last year's sheriff, who at that time was in business as an auctioneer and upholsterer.

While in his earliest school days, young Dibdin was remarkable for his attachment to reading and drawing, in the one or other of which he generally employed the hours allotted to play; or when he joined in any recreation, it was frequently in planning theatrical representations: and at the age of thirteen, he produced a farce, in one act, which was performed by his school fellows. It is not surprising that these dramatic propensities should follow him in his apprenticeship, during which he dedicated all the time he could call his own in the day, (and was often a borrower of the night,) to the prosecution of his favorite pursuits, and particularly to the completion of the model of a theatre, in which he copied all the favorite scenery then exhibiting at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Royalty.

At the end of four years, these growing inclinations for whatever related to the stage, became too strong for resistance; and at the age of eighteen he left his business, assumed the name of Merchant, and made his appearance as an actor, at *East Bourne*, in *Sussex*, where he also made his first essay as a scene painter. He remained only with this company till it left *East Bourne*, when he accepted a better engagement from Mrs. Baker, proprietress of the *Canterbury*, *Rochester*, and several other theatres in *Kent*, with whom he still keeps up a friendly correspondence. In the following year he played at *Beverly* and *Harrowgate*; after which he joined Messrs. Banks and Ward at *Liverpool*, and continued with them three years, performing alternately at Manchester, Chester, and Liverpool. At the two first theatres he was principally employed as prompter and painter; and at *Manchester* he made his first public attempt as a dramatic writer, by the production of a farce called *Sunshine after Rain*, which was well received, and was performed three years ago, for Mr. Munden's benefit, at Covent Garden. In the last year of his engagement at *Manchester*, (1793) he married Miss Hilliar, of the same theatre, formerly of the *Edinburgh* and *Newcastle* company, and who now performs at Covent Garden: a lady, who, besides her merit as an actress, fulfils the duties of a private station with the greatest degree of propriety.

The year following his marriage, he brought out a piece at *Sadler's Wells*, called, *The Rival Loyalists, or Sheba's Choice*, the success of which induced him to re-assume his real name, and

led the way to an engagement for himself and his wife, which lasted four years; in which time he produced fifteen or sixteen favorite burlettas, pantomimes, &c. In one of these his song of *The tight little Island* was first introduced to the public.

As the *Sadler's Wells* engagement did not extend to the winter, Mr. and Mrs. Dibdin returned to the country, and remained with Mrs. Baker at Canterbury, &c. till circumstances made way for their engagement in town. Mr. Dibdin, by writing local comic songs, obtained great favor in the sight of his Kentish friends, which of course procured him great benefits. He also added much to the amount of his pecuniary receipts, by indefatigably cultivating his talent as a scene painter: and, as Mrs. Dibdin was a favorite in the circuit, and very much patronised, their circumstances became greatly superior to what most country theatres might be supposed to produce, when an unexpected occurrence removed them both to a soil, where the minutest claim to merit is certain of encouragement and support.

Mr. Dowton, of Drury Lane theatre, was very desirous of appearing in the character of a *comic* Jew, and at his entreaty Mr. Dibdin undertook to write the farce of the *Jew and the Doctor*, which was begun and completed in a very few days. But, when our author supposed the height of his ambition was about to be attained, by the representation of one of his productions at a London theatre royal, he was obliged to withdraw his farce in favor of a piece written by Mr, O'Keeffe,* which Mr. Dowton's partners in the benefit had accepted before they knew of the farce in question.

The *Jew and the Doctor* was then laid by, with several other pieces, which Mr. D. had at different times presented to the theatre, without obtaining a trial, and several of which have since been acted with success, till, on Mr. Dowton's return to *Maidstone*, in the summer vacation, he advised Mr. Dibdin to perform it at that theatre for his own benefit, which took place July 12th, 1798; and its reception was so favorable, that, on the kind report of it to Mr. Harris by Mr. C. Bicknell, of Norfolk Street, (who as Solicitor to the admiralty, was attending the Maidstone quarter sessions) immediate application was made to Mr. H. and an agreement followed, to produce the piece the ensuing winter at Covent Garden.

* A Nosegay of Weeds.

The remaindor of the summer was passed by Mr. Dibdin at the *Tunbridge Wells* theatre, where he was publicly patronized by the late Duke of Leeds, whose attention to professional desert, wherever he found it, will long endear his memory to all who had the honor and pleasure of knowing his truly noble and liberal way of thinking.

Our author was here also introduced to Mr. Cumberland, who advised him to seize the (at that time) floating rumour of Lord Nelson's memorable victory of the Nile, as a subject for an occasional spectacle for the stage; and which, from its being *early* presented to the manager might stand a better chance of acceptance. Mr. D. immediately wrote to Mr. Harris upon the subject, not imagining, however, that the piece would be so soon wanted as Mr. H.'s answer implied: and in consequence of which, between the Friday on which the manager's letter was received, and the following Sunday, *The Mouth of the Nile* was written and transmitted to town. And when the truth of the victory was ascertained by the Gazette, the piece was immediately brought out, and performed thirty-two nights that season, and a few more the season following.

While Mr. D. was in town, attending the rehearsals of the *Mouth of the Nile*, Mr. Powell, late of Covent Garden, was, one night taken so suddenly ill,* as to be unable to perform his part in the farce, (*Old Pickle*, in the *Spoil'd Child*), and Mr. D. who accidentally came to the theatre as late as the fourth act of the play, undertook and performed it with so much success, as to obtain an immediate engagement at a salary of five pounds a week. His next part was his *Irishman*, in the *Mouth of the Nile*, and he twice played *Abednego*, in the *Jew and the Doctor*, when Mr. Fawcett was indisposed. The success of the last-named piece, induced the managers to retain Mr. D. as an author, and made it worth his while to quit the stage as an actor. Mr. Harris, however continued his salary, on condition that Mr. D. should furnish the theatre every Christmas with a *Harlequin Pantomime*, and be ready to produce, when called upon, any Prelude, Interlude, or Spectacle, which public events of interest or notoriety might render fit subjects for the theatre. This gave rise to a report that Mr. D. was to furnish a certain number of pieces every year, and this was so industriously propagated, censured, and attacked in many of the newspapers, that Mr. D. published a letter in most of them, expressly contradicting the existence of such an agreement. The falshood of this report has been exemplified by his never having produced that number of pieces in any subsequent season.

* He died the following day.

A liberal engagement for Mrs. Dibdin having been also agreed on by Mr. Harris, country theatricals were now given up (at least for the winter), and Mr. Dibdin, by a whimsical coincidence, now resides in the house where his father composed his first musical production, the *Padlock*, and where *Love in a Village*, *The Maid of the Mill*, &c. were written.

In the second year of his engagement at Covent Garden, Mr. D. applied to his master, in the city, for his indentures, which he purchased for fifty guineas, and has also been enabled, (in conjunction with his brother Charles) to buy Mr. Siddons' quarter of *Sadler's Wells*.

His productions, in five years, at Covent Garden, including pantomimes and alterations, amount to above twenty,—seven of which came out in his first season,—and out of the whole number, whatever may be their intrinsic merits or demerits, but one has failed of success, viz. *True Friends*, which was only acted five nights. To avoid giving a mere list of these pieces, we shall conclude this Memoir with a less formal enumeration of their titles in the order in which they were produced as follows:

We shall briefly observe that our hero made his *entree* at the *Mouth of the Nile*; was encouraged to proceed by a *Jew and a Doctor*—became suddenly owner of *Five Thousand a Year*;—entertained many friends at his *Birth-Day*;—kept a *Horse and a Widow*:—put *Tag in Tribulation*;—erected a *Naval Pillar*;

—brought out *Sunshine after Rain*;—was some time immersed in a *Volcano*;—disappointed in his *True Friends*;—caused *St. David's Day* to last many nights;—retook *The Hermione*;—sported *Liberal Opinions*; and improved them in the *School for Prejudice*;—introduced his friend *Il Bondocani*; planned *Harlequin's Tour*;—succeeded in all the *Four Seasons*;—became head of the *Cabinet*, (though without dipping into politics;)—produced *Harlequin's Habeas*;—and has been lately employed in making up *Family Quarrels*,—in which, after a vigorous perseverance in so laudable an object, he has fully succeeded, the hostile attempt to convert them into *National Antipathies* having been entirely frustrated.

The above, with the *songs* in *Brazen Mask*, the *Magic Oak*, and some alterations in *Albert and Adelaide*, and in the *Escapes*, and *single Songs*, *Occasional Addresses*, &c. &c. without number, constitute the whole of his productions.

Mr. and Mrs. Dibdin have buried their only two children, a circumstance which enables them to attend to the families of their relations. Both in and out of the theatre Mr. Dibdin is universally respected for his friendly qualities, his unaffected good humor, and the open honesty of his character. As an author, he is hardly to be classed with the "genus irritabile vatum:" his temper on the contrary, is rather too accommodating, and we believe he has frequently sacrificed his time and quiet, and sometimes his interest, in the vain hope of pleasing all the performers who have been principally concerned in the representation of his pieces.

CHRISTIANITY REVERSED;

A NEW OFFICE OF INITIATION, FOR ALL YOUTHS OF THE SUPERIOR CLASS.

Being a Summary of Lord Chesterfield's Creed.

I BELIEVE that this world is the object of my hopes and morals; and that the little prettinesses of life will answer all the ends of human existence.

I believe, that we are to succeed in all things, by the graces of civility and attention; that there is no sin, but against good manners; and that all religion and virtue consist in outward appearance.

I believe, that all women are children, and all men fools; except a few cunning people, who see through the rest, and make their use of them.

I believe, that hypocrisy, fornication, and adultery, are within the lines of morality: that a woman may be honorable when she has lost her honor, and virtuous when she has lost her virtue.

This, and whatever else is necessary to obtain my own ends, and bring me into repute, I resolve to follow; and to avoid all moral offences: such as scratching my head before company, spitting upon the floor, and omitting to pick up a lady's fan. And in this persuasion I will persevere, without any regard to the resurrection of the body, or the life everlasting. Amen.

Quest. Wilt thou be initiated into these principles?

Ans. That is my inclination.

Quest. Wilt thou keep up to the rules of the Chesterfield morality?

Ans. I will; Lord Chesterfield being my admonisher.

Then the Officiator shall say,

Name this child.

Ans. A fine gentleman.

Then he shall say,

I introduce thee to the world, the flesh, and the devil, that thou mayest triumph over all aukwardness, and grow up in all politeness; that thou mayest be acceptible to the ladies, celebrated for refined breeding, able to speak French and read Italian, invested with some public supernumerary character in a foreign court, get into parliament, (perhaps into the privy council), and that, when thou art dead, the letters written to thy bastards may be published, in seven editions, for the instruction of all sober families.

Ye are to take care that this child, when he is of a proper age, be brought to court, to be confirmed.

RULES FOR WRITING AND SPEAKING CORRECTLY.

In a letter from a Father to his daughter.

My dear,

NOW that you are fourteen years of age, and very capable of comprehending the rules here laid down for improving you in the grammar of your native language, I beg you will peruse them carefully once or twice a week; and I do not doubt but that in a short time you will get rid of those mistakes which the habit of conversing with women and illiterate men is apt to produce.

To render myself as intelligible as possible to a girl who cannot be supposed to know any thing relating to those first principles which are called *parts of speech*, I shall make use of but very few terms. I shall only desire you to distinguish between the nominative and accusative cases, and also betwixt a participle and the past tense of a verb. I feel that I already shock you with these uncouth phrases; but I will soon make them familiar to you.

I, Thou, He, We, They, are the nominative case;—*Me, Thee, Him, Us, Them*, are the accusative case.——I *rode*, I *chose*, I *ran*, I *spoke*, are the past tense of a verb:——I have *ridden*, I have *chosen*, I have *spoken*, I have *run*, are the participle; so that you are only to observe that the words *rode*, *chose*, *spoke*, *ran*, are the past tense; and the words *ridden*, *chosen*, *spoken*, *run*, are the participle.

Make yourself mistress but of these two distinctions, and you will not only avoid a thousand blunders in grammar, which the generality of people are perpetually committing, but you will also seldom speak bad English, as by far the greater number of errors, both in speaking and writing, proceed from the want of attention to these points.

Confusion of the Nominative and Accusative Cases.

US *for* WE.

Example.] Which of you came hither first? You answer—*us* three, instead of *we* three.

Them for *They*.

Example.] Which are the soldiers

last enlisted? You answer, *them* instead of *they*; or, perhaps, *them there*, which is worse: *these here*, and *them there*, and *this here*, and *that there*, are inelegancies which should always be avoided.

Him for *He*.

Example.] Who told you so? You answer *him*, for *he*.

I for *Me*.

Example.] He gave *you* and *I* a shilling each, instead of *you* and *me*.

Another Example.] That's a secret betwixt *you* and *I*, instead of *you* and *me*.

Me for *I*.

Example.] Who is there? *Me* instead of *I*.

Her for *She*.

Example.] Which of those ladies said so? You answer, *her*, instead of *she*.

She for *Her*.

Example.] Whom do you speak of? *She*, instead of *her*.

Were you a boy who had learnt at a Latin school the rudiments of grammar, I should here tell you, that, in order to distinguish when to use the nominative, and when the accusative case, you should remember that the nominative, precedes, and the accusative follows the verb.—But I am aware you would not comprehend my meaning, and perhaps would be so alarmed at the crabbedness of the precept, as to lay aside my letter, and think no more of it. Therefore let this sentence drop, as if it had not been written; and let it be your endeavor to acquire the habit of speaking rightly, by reading often, and aloud, the examples here set down.

Nevertheless, in many of these examples, though you do not rightly understand the distinction of the accusative and nominative cases, your ear will inform you which of the words to chuse, by only putting the question with both words, and you will feel, without reasoning, which is the proper one. For instance: Who told you so? *Him*. Now ask yourself,—What, did *him* tell you so? The word offends your ear, and you then say *he*. Again: Who is there? *Me*—What, is *me* there? Again: He gave *you* and *I* a shilling—What, did he give *I* a shilling? By this kind of trial you will generally set yourself right:

Confusion from the frequent use of the past tense, instead of the participle.

I have *rode*, I have *chose*, I have *ran*, I have *wrote*, I have *took*, he has *fell*; instead of I have *ridden*, I have *chosen*, I have *run*, I have *written*, I have *taken*, he has *fallen*. Nevertheless, when you speak French, you are not so ungrammatical: you say *J' ai choisi* (the participle) and not *J' ai choisissois* (the past tense); *J' ai couru*, and not *J' ai courois*. *J' ai ecrit*, and not *J' ai ecrivois*. *J' ai pris*, and not *J' ai prinois*, &c.

These are some of the principal transgressions you are hourly committing against grammar; but there are also a few other mistakes very prevalent; I mean the use of the singular for the plural number, and the misapplication of one word for another. How often have I heard you say, We *was* and They *was*, instead of We *were*, and They *were*; yet you never commit the same error in speaking French: you do not say, *Nous etois*, we *was*, but *nous etions*, we *were*.

I shall not pretend to give you a catalogue of the words misunderstood by the vulgar, as it would be almost endless, but shall mention only such as people of pretty good education are apt to misapply.

Eminent for *imminent*.

Eminent signifies *high, exalted*; *imminent* signifies *impending*; and yet how often do we hear of the *eminent* danger!

Scout instead of *flout*.

Nobody believes it; all the world *scouts* it, instead of *flouts* it!

Learn instead of *teach*.

You should say the master *teaches* his scholar, and not the master *learns* his scholar.

Of instead of *on*.

What day of the week do you go into the country? You should answer, *On* a *Saturday*, and not *Of* a *Saturday*.

On instead of *of*.

You often say, We have too much *on't*, instead of too much *of it*.

Yourn instead of *yours*.

Whose hat is this? You should say *yours*, and not *yourn*.

Prebendary for *Prebend* and *Prebend* for *Prebendary*

Remember that *prebendary* is the man, and *prebend* the office.

I think, my dear, I have in a small compass, laid before you such cautions as will not fail to instruct, though they are not sufficient to perfect you, in your mother tongue. Accustom yourself to the correctness proposed in this sheet of paper, and though you know nothing of substantives, adjectives, adverbs, &c. you will live to blush for some men, who, with all the advantages of a school and university education, will appear to you most wretchedly remiss on this subject.

I am &c.

Journal of Elizabeth Woodville written by herself, Previous to her marriage with Edward 4.

MONDAY morning. Rose at four to help Catharine milk the cows. at six o'clock breakfasted, at seven went down to the court with the dutchess my mother, and gave food to twenty eight poor men and as many women, scolded Roger severely, for having discovered marks of discontent at our making him attend: and we let the dinner grow cold. At ten o'clock dinner. John Gray, one who comes often to see us, a very good young man, but what is that to me a good girl ought to give herself up entirely to the views and designs of her parents. John is but a little eater, he casts many an affectionate glance at me. At three o'clock, the house of poor Robertson reduced to ashes by accident, John Gray proposed to the company to make a subscription for this poor ruined farmer, and himself gave five pounds Sterling towards this good design.—Memorandum——he never appeared to me so amiable as at this moment, his looks were never so affecting. At four o'clock prayers, at six fed the poultry.

At seven supper. It was owing to Robertson's mishap that we supped so late.

What astonishing difference there is between the character of the women of distinction of that age, and that of the modern *bon ton!*

ANECDOTES.

TWO gentlemen elbowing each other in the pit passage at Drury-Lane, one of them cried "Death, Sir, who are you that dare to behave so? some journeyman friseur I should suppose, from your breeding." "Very likely," returned the other, with great coolness, "and if you will favor me with your name and direction, you shall have such a *dressing* from me tomorrow morning, as becomes such a *puppy!*"

From this altercation, trifling as it was, and ludicrous as well as trifling, a challenge ensued, and from the challenge a *rencontre*, which in a few minutes, in perfect consonance with the *fashionable* ideas of *honor*, sent one of the heroes to seek an abode in *another world*, and forced the other to court a sanctuary in *another country*.

A gentleman, on a tour, happened to be at a very populous village on Sunday, and being acquainted with the minister, he accompanied him to church, which to his great surprise, was very thinly attended. As they were returning home, he asked his friend if there were many *dissenters* in this village.—No, said the other, but there are many *absenters*.

SNUFF TAKING.

Every professed, inveterate and incurable snuff taker, at a moderate calculation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes one minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff taking day, amount to two hours and twenty four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten, amounts to thirty six days and a half in a year. Hence we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff taker's life will be dedicated to tickling the nose, and two more to blowing it. The expense of snuff, snuff boxes, snuff handkerchiefs, washing &c. cannot be reasonably rated to encroach less on his purse than on his time, thus it will appear by a proper application of the time and money thus lost, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of many debts.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, March 10, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 31 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 9—asthma 1—sudden death 1—fits 2—accident 1—burn 1—a fall 1—scald 1—tymponites 1 consumption and gravel 1—weakness 1—pleurisy 1—dropsy 1—severe scald 1—heavy cold 1—hives 1—inflammation of the bowels 1—and 4 of disorders not mentioned.

Of the above 17 were adults and 14 children.

THE HUMANE SOCIETY,

Beg leave to lay before their Fellow-citizens, the following statement of their transactions during the year 1803.

In the course of the year, the Society has furnished Soup and Fuel to 131 prisoners, confined in the jail for debt. 15, 206 quarts of Soup, have been delivered from the Soup-House in the same period; 8322 quarts of which were given to the poor, during the prevalence of the late Epidemic; 4957 quarts were sold at the Soup-House, and 482 quarts delivered for tickets.

From the 1st of January 1803, to the 1st of January of the present year, the Society have received in cash 688 dollars and 22 cents; for the principle part of which sum, the institution is indebted to the liberality of their fellow-citizens. Besides which other presents of vegetables and provisions of various kinds have been given by several benevolent persons. During the same time they have expended 642 dollars and 75 cents, in the purchase of materials for soup, for house-rent, wages and other contingencies.

In presenting to the public the above statement, the Society cannot refrain from expressing their acknowledgments for the liberal support, which during the past year, the generous and humane have afforded this institution; and they trust that the contributors thereto will be satisfied that their exertions in the cause of benevolence have not been in vain. The experiment which the society has for these eighteen months past, made of the soup establishment, has satisfied them of its utility, and they are convinced, that with the further aid and countenance of the public, it might be made more extensively beneficial to the poorer classes of our community. During the prevalence of the epidemic, with which our city was lately afflicted, its advantages were very evident: in that awful period, when disease, and its consequent attendant, want, assailed the mansions of the poor, this asylum was open to them, and from which, free from any expence, a comfortable sustenance could be procured for themselves and their families. The institution being thus useful in the cause of humanity, the society confide in the continued support of the benevolent.—Thus far they have succeeded, nor have they any doubts as to the future. The benevolence of this community when called upon is, they are well persuaded, a never failing treasury.

Families may be supplied with tickets for Soup, by applying to the secretary, Mr. John Nitchie, jun. at no. 38 Broad-street; and any further contributions which their fellow-citizens may think proper to bestow, will be thankfully received and faithfully applied by the subscribers.

John Rodgers,	Abraham Beach,
William Linn,	Mathew Clarkson,
Leonard Bleecker,	John C. Kunzie,
Thomas Storm,	John R. B. Rodgers
John Murray,	Jacob Morton,
James Bleecker,	Samuel Miller,
John M. Mason,	David Hosack,
James Manning,	Ch. L. Cammann,
John Broome,	John N. Abeel,
Divie Bethune,	Nicholas Evertson,
Nath. Pendleton,	John H. Hobart.

By order of the Society,
JOHN RODGERS, Pres't.

LONDON THEATRICS.

A new historical comic opera, entitled, *The English Fleet in* 1342, has made its appearance at Covent Garden Theatre. The dialogue is said to be by Dibdin, the music by Braham. It had a very flattering reception and promises to become a great favorite. Among the characters in the dramatis personæ; *Mainmast*, a sailor, is most conspicuous. He abounds with puns. Reeling unexpectedly upon his officer, he observes, that he was *next to a captain* without

knowing it, and he expresses a wish, that the sea were all wine, as then a man might make a long voyage without ever being out of *port*.

The new opera, at Drury Lane Theatre, was extremely well attended last night. *The Wife of Two Husbands*, is become very popular, and is not likely to be *divorced* from public favor during the season.

Mr. Cooper.—On the 19th December Cooper personated *Pierre*, in the tragedy of Venice Preserved, at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool. His performance is mentioned in terms of strong approbation: he was to play *Penruddock*, in the Wheel of Fortune, on the 21st.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER

The military Spencer, with Hussar Cloak,

Introduced by the beautiful Lady A. M. Stanhope. The Spencer is of black velvet, made close before, and crossed with a cord and buttons in the military style, cut high up in the neck, with a collar and long sleeves. The cloak is of light blue cloth, trimmed around with silver bear fur, fastened to the shoulders, and either may be folded over in front or thrown behind. This dress combines both neatness and elegance.

A New Pelisse, made of light blue chambray, very high in the neck behind and low in front, so as to expose to view the handkerchief; black velvet collar, and tied down the front to the bottom with black cords and tassels. The waist is confined by a silk cord and tassels.

Full Dress.—Black and puce velvets are likely to be predominant this season for full dress. Round dresses, cut very low in the bosom and behind, and trimmed around the neck with white lace. The admirers of taste, we understand, are indebted to the Marchioness of Salisbury and lady Charlotte Rawdon for the introduction of this fashion.

Miscellaneous Observations.—White crape dresses, it has been said, will be again fashionable, but muslins are preferred by all the *elegantes*, from the graceful manner in which the latter falls to the form. White crape was never so little worn as at present. During the last season, muslins spangled with silver were universally approved of and as generally worn at the balls and assemblies given in the circles of fashion.

Married,

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Peter Strong, a native of Germany, to Miss Catherine Dubois, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. William Timson, to Miss Mary Duckingfield, both of this city.

At Philadelphia, on Thursday evening last week, Mr. George Mifflin, to Miss Eliza Fishbourn, daughter of the late major Fishbourn,

At the same place, Richard Peters, jun. esq. to Miss Willing, daughter of Thomas Willing, esq.

At the same place, on Saturday last, Mr. William Weyman, to Miss Isabella Cowplan, of Chester, Penn.

At Stamford, (Con.) on the 4th inst. Charles W. Apthorp, esq. of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth C. Davenport, daughter of the late hon. James Davenport, esq.

Died,

At the Moravian school in Mitfield, Eng. Joseph Oly, a native of the island of Otaheite, in the 19th or 20th year of his age. From circumstances, it appears that he was related to Pomere, king of Otaheite, the Otoo of Captain Cook.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Fragment, by P. though possessing some interesting incident, is too tediously lengthened out: if compressed, it shall appear.

Philo-Senex arrived too late.

R. H.'s lines to E. M. possess some humor, but are too unfinished, as poetry, to entitle them to her, or indeed any one else's, perusal,—will thank him to retouch them, we know he can produce better.

The Wanderer, next Week.

The Dimensions and Curiosities of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, by a gentleman lately from that place, shall appear. His proffered continuance is requested.

Character of Rousseau, selected by A. X. in our next.

W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dey-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antiscorbutic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the "Lottery for the Encouragement of Literature, No. II," either whole, or in halves, quarters, or eighths.—Scheme as follows:

1 Prize of	25,000	60	200
1	10,000	120	100
1	5,000	200	50
3	2,000	500	20
7	1,000	9,000	10
20	500		

9,913 Prizes—23,087 Blanks—Less then 2¼ blanks to a prize—Subject to a deduction of 15 per cent.

The above Lottery will commence drawing in the city of N. York, on the first Tuesday in April, 1804.

N. B. Tickets examined and registered as usual—Cash paid for prizes as soon as drawn—Orders for tickets or shares, (post paid) carefully attended to.

Tickets now selling for 7 dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

Theatre.

On Monday evening, March 12,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A Comedy, (never performed here) called,

Lewis of Monte Blanco,

OR, THE TRANSPLANTED HIBERNIAN.

With additional new Scenery and Machinery.

To which will be added,

THE PURSE,

OR, BENEVOLENT TAR.

For the Weekly Visitor.

To the Memory of

MR. SIDNEY PHŒNIX.

Who departed this life the 18th of February, 1804.

Hard to behold ingenuous, hopeful youth,
Sustain a suffering life, an early doom,
Eternal silence seal the lips of truth,
Or mouldering beauty gild the dusky tomb!

MATILDA.

WHEN youth and virtue to the grave descend,
Crush'd by the power of all-subduing death,
Shall not soft pity prompt the sorrowing friend,
To breathe the sigh, and weave the mournful wreath?

Releas'd from pining sickness' baneful power,
That blasted all the promise of his bloom,
Crop't like the fair and quickly-withering flower,
Lo! SIDNEY slumbers in th' untimely tomb.

Estrang'd to erring, proud ambitious sway;
And still to guilt and fame alike unknown;
"He kept the noiseless tenor of his way,"
And every virtue mark'd him as her own.

Oh bright exemplar of untainted truth,
The unaffected manners which endear,
The artless language of unpractis'd youth,
The feeling bosom, and the soul sincere!

Brief was the little span by Heaven assign'd,
Too early clos'd in death's oblivious sleep;
And soon it claim'd thy uncorrupted mind,
While o'er thy dust the milder virtues weep.

Yet long enough thy span, we trust, to gain
The meed of virtue, and the christian's prize,
A blissful mansion on the eternal plain,
A welcome plaudit of th' approving skies.

The greetings of that bright congenial mind,
Which all-disposing Heaven resum'd before;
Whose beauteous form to kindred dust consign'd,
The graces, and the virtues still deplore.

Hard though we deem th' inscrutable decree,
That gloom'd thy guiltless days with grief and pain;
Check the deep murmur, struggling to be free,
Nor let it dare th' immortal throne profane.

Nor ask we why thy unassuming worth,
Stern fate has sentenc'd to an early grave,
While fearless guilt pollutes the conscious earth,
And murderous hands eternal vengeance brave.

Soon will it come, the time when doubts shall cease,
When heav'n's mysterious ways shall plain appear,
Why prosperous vice pursues her course in peace,
While virtue slumbers on th' untimely bier.

Still nature's laws the direful pang impose,
The parents anguish, and the sisters tear;
And still the sympathizing bosom glows,
With sorrow unavailing as sincere.

C.

ROBERT DEATH,

DEALER IN

Foreign Spirituous Liquors, Wholesale and Retail.

O! STOP not here, ye sottish wights,
For purl, nor ale, nor gin,
For if you stop, whoe'er alights,
By DEATH is taken in.

Where having eat and drank your fill,
Should ye, (O hapless case!)
Neglect to pay your landlord's bill,
DEATH stares you in the face!

With grief sincere I pity those,
Who've drawn themselves this scrape in:
Since from this dreadful gripe, Heaven knows,
Alas! there's no escaping!

This one advice, my friends, pursue,
Whilst yet you've life and breath;
Ne'er PLEDGE your host; for if you do,
You'll surely—drink to DEATH!

From the Providence Gazette.

TO A YOUNG PRUDE.

SALLY, to hear thee talk so sage
Of the loose manners of the age,
When youth invites, with sparkling eye,
To catch her pleasures as they fly;
Makes sober *Wisdom* shake their sides,
While frolic *Mirth* thy spleen derides.
Say, should a painter's pencil trace
His *Cupid* with a formal face,
Strutting with self-importance big,
And o'er his forehead curl a wig;
Say, would'st thou not enquire to know,
Wherefore the *boy* had left his *bow*?

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

WHAITES & CHARTERS.

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,

Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

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